FRIENDS' WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

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For Friends' Weekly Intelligencer.

Having read in the Intelligencer, with interest, some extracts from the life of Abel Thomas, in volume 8, No. 36, of 11 mo. 29, I was reminded of the glowing account of it by Richard Jordan. I write from memory, and possibly some particulars may have escaped my recollection, but the account as related by Richard, corresponds accurately with that you have published, which was long before Abel's journal was printed. Richard related, that the night before Abel and James Thomas were examined before the Governor (Robert Livingston) and Council of New Jersey, the prisoners were put under a guard of soldiers; and (as Abel himself related it to Richard Jordan) they were put under a tent, and Abel being a young man, and his uncle James a man in years and infirm, Abel gave up the blankets and great coats to his uncle to make him comfortable, while he made a pillow for himself, by laying his shoes tightly together and resting his head on them. But James was under such a weight of exercise that he could not sleep. The court martials by which they had been tried, had been severe with them, and now they were to be tried for their lives; the prospect on the part of James was full of gloom and dismay. He was unacquainted with Governor Livingston, and should he prove like some others before whom they had appeared, he might sign a warrant for their execution, and they would be hanged without remedy. Thus while James was poring over their perilous situation, (and truly their lives were in great peril,) Abel slept soundly. James was ready to conclude that Abel's sleeping was not natural rest, but a kind of stupor like the sleeping of the disciples, while their Divine Master was betrayed into the hands of sinners: his uneasiness at length became so great, that he took Abel by the arm and shook him, calling Abel! Abel! at length Abel was a little roused from his deep sleep, and inquired "what is the matter uncle"? James renewed his inquiry with great earnestness, "dont thee think we shall be hanged"? Abel answered, "well, I dont think we shall uncle"; and immediately renewed his slumbers.

James acknowledged, long after, that Abel's snoring acted like a charm on his nerves, for he slept himself, concluding that conscious innocence was unconquerable: and he would occasionally say to Abel many years afterwards, "Thy snoring while we were under military guards, was the greatest sermon I ever heard thee preach." Their situation was indeed somewhat similar to that of the prophet Daniel in the den of lions, when king Darius called to him inquiring with great astonishment how it was that he remained unhurt among those dreadful carnivorous animals! Daniel answered, "because innocency was found in me and before thee O! king have I done no hurt."

The examinations you have already published, have been compared by some to that of the Apostle Paul before king Agrippa. It breathes the spirit of Daniel's innocency and Paul's integrity which almost persuaded the king to be a Christian. So the examination of Abel and James Thomas almost persuaded the governor of New Jersey to be a Quaker, if he had not been convinced to a considerable extent. However, after the examination, the Governor acquitted them both and granted the pass, without hesitation, which Abel had requested, with liberty in it to visit the nine meetings which he had mentioned. While visiting those meetings it was reported that Abel would pleasantly say to Friends, that "they must now take good heed, for they were visited under fuller official authority than any meeting he had heard of. That in the first place the concern had originated in the court of heaven. That the Elders and the Monthly Meeting had sanctioned it: that the Quarterly Meeting had confirmed it, and the Governor and council had signed a pass," &c.

Richard Jordan observed that Samuel Emlen, and other venerable Friends in Philadelphia, frequently waited on Governor Livingston and that it appeared there was a good understanding between them; that Samuel would, when taking leave of the Governor, take him by the hand in an effectionate manner, say to him "may the Lord preserve thee, and may that wisdom which is profitable to direct in all things be with thee." The Governor answered on one occasion "your unsophisticated prayers, and christian salutations, have been a thousand times more real worth to me than all the most humble servants I have ever met with!"

It will be remembered that Robert Livingston was one of the signers of the declaration of Independence, and he appears to be one who understood the value of civil and religious liberty, and like William Penn and many others knew how to appreciate liberty of conscience. I remember reading an essay he (Livingston) wrote on the Clergy. If my memory is correct it was in the "American Magazine," about the year 1787, which was several years after the examination of Abel Thomas. The purport of the Essay was, that it was his opinion the Clergy should be well paid by those who employed them, and who thought they stood in need of their services. That it was expected by such that a clergyman should be well educated, and an education costs money; that it was expected again that he should have a large library, and books cost money; he should therefore be well paid to compensate him; and lastly, it is expected that a clergyman should devote all his time to his flock; and as time is money he should be well paid for his labors, his time, his library, and his education.

But (the Governor adds,) it is my opinion, in relation to the diffusion of gospel light and knowledge, that George Fox and his cotemporaries have done vastly more without this immense apparatus of human erudition, than all the priests in protestant Christendom have been able to do with it. It may be asked why Christ chose illiterate fisherman and tent makers chiefly to preach his gospel. You may answer, that they had the opportuntity of conversing with Christ personally, and therefore an education was superseded but now the case is very different. To this objection I shall answer, "That whoever undertakes to diffuse the same gospel light and knowledge, without the same power and authority with which the Apostles and George Fox and his brethren were invested, they will spread darkness instead of light."

F.

First Month 19*th*, 1852.

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

An Inquiry into the Cause which renders the Water of the Dead Sea unfitted for the support of Animal Life. By ROBERT JAMES GRAVES, M. D., F. R. S. Communicated by the author.

(Continued.)

Ascending to the summit of the mountain, just as the sun was setting, I had a more extended view of the Great Salt Plain than at any time previously. Far to the south-east, apparently from 100 to 150 miles, a solitary mountain of immense height rises from the white surface of the desert, and lifts its hoary summit, so as almost to pierce the blue ceiling of the skies, reflecting back from its frozen pinnacle, and making frigid to the eye the warm and mellow rays of the evening sun. No words can describe the awfulness and grandeur of the sublime desolation. The only living object I saw to day, and the only sign of animal existence, separate from our party, was a small lizard.

The preceding extracts from Mr. Bryant's interesting work afford a proof that similar physical circumstances everywhere produce similar effects; for, in America as well as Palestine, the superabundance of saline ingredients is equally destructive to life.

Mr. Warburton, the American traveller, the Rev. Dr. Robinson, and Mr. Kinglake, the author of Eothen, have all dwelt so much on the *horrors* of the Dead Sea, that I think it right to trespass still further on the reader's attention, by submitting to his consideration the following passages, also extracted from Bryant's work, which, if I mistake not, will prove that the Great Salt Lake of America exhibits, in every respect, features not less repulsive than those so vividly described by authors as *unique* and peculiar to the Dead Sea.

Resuming our march, we took a south course over the low hills bordering the valley in which we had been encamped; thence along the base of a range of elevated mountains which slope down to the marshy plain of the lake. This plain varies in width, from fifteen to two miles, becoming narrower as we approach what is called the "Utah outlet," the channel through which the Utah Lake empties its waters into the Salt Lake.

The Great Salt Lake has never been accurately surveyed. It is situated between 40°

and 42° of north latitude, and between 35° and 36° of longitude west from Washington. Its length is variously stated by the hunters and trappers who have travelled along its shores, at from 150 to 180 miles; but, in this estimate, the numerous large bays and other irregularities are included. Its extreme length in a straight line is probably 100 miles, and its extreme breadth between forty and sixty miles. At this season the shore, as we pass along it, is white, with a crust of the muriate and carbonate of soda combined. The muriate of soda predominates, but the alkali comprised with it is sufficient to render the salt bitter and unfit for use in its natural state. When the wind blows from the lake, the stench arising from the stagnant water next to the shore is highly offensive to the smell. The surface of the lake does not present that rippling and sparkling appearance when the sudden breeze passes over it, so frequently seen on fresh-water lakes, and on the ocean. The waters undoubtedly are thoroughly saturated with saline matter, and hence, from this weight, when they move at all, it is with a lazy and sluggish undulatory motion.

* * * * * *

The sunset scene this evening was splendid. The surface of the lake appeared like a sheet of fire, varying in tint from a crimson to a pale scarlet. This flame-like ocean was bordered, as far as we could see to the north and south of us, with a field of salt, presenting all the appearance of freshly fallen snow.

Proceeding about two miles, and turning the point of the mountain, we came to seven warm springs, so strongly impregnated with sulphur, as to have left a deposit of this mineral in some places several feet in depth. These springs gush out near the foot of a high precipice composed of conglomerate rock and a bluish sandstone. The precipice seems to have been uplifted by some subterraneous convulsion. The temperature of the water in the basins was about 90°. The water of most of them was bitter and nauseous.

The attentive reader cannot fail to discover in this account of the Great Salt Lake many points in which it entirely agrees with the Dead Sea; indeed, several passages of Mr. Bryant's description might be substituted for those of Mr. Warburton or Mr. Kinglake, without in the least altering the meaning of these authors, when detailing what they conceived to be the most striking peculiarities of the Dead Sea.

The Rev. Dr. Robinson and Mr. Warburton dwell emphatically on the non-volcanic nature of any portion of the shores of the Dead Sea; and the former quotes Von Buch, the celebrated geologist, in support of this opinion, which must, however, have been founded on insufficient *data*, for Lynch's narrative contains numerous proofs directly contradicting it. Thus, at p. 280, he says:—

"The distance, in a direct line, to the Arabian shore measured seven nautical miles. Mr. Aulick found on the latter a *volcanic formation*, and brought specimens of *lava*."

Again, at p. 371, Lynch says:—

"Stopped to examine some huge black boulders upon the shore, which proved to be *trap* interspersed with tufa. The whole mountain, from base to summit, appeared to be one black mass of scoriæ and lava, the superposition of the layers giving them a singular appearance. In the rocky hollows of the shore were incrustations of salt, of which, as well as the lava, we obtained specimens."

And at page 275:—

"But the scene was one of unmixed desolation. The air, tainted with the sulphuretted hydrogen of the stream, gave a tawny hue even to the foliage of the cane, which is elsewhere of so light a green. Except the canebrakes clustering along the marshy stream, which disfigured while it sustained them, there was no vegetation whatever; barren mountains, fragments of rocks blackened by sulphureous deposit, and an unnatural sea, with low, dead trees upon its margin, all within the scope of vision, bore a sad and sombre aspect."

The preceding quotations seem to prove that Von Buch was in error in stating that "this sea has no appearance of volcanic origin. It merely occupies part of the great valley or *crevasse* that runs from Lebanon almost to the Gulf of Akabah."

"Mr. Warburton, misled by the authority of Von Buch, observes upon this point:—"The absence of volcanic agency renders still more remarkable the appearance of some fierce, fiery ordeal through which it must have passed," &c. &c.

(To be continued.)

SIR H. HUNTLEY'S SEVEN YEARS' SERVICE ON THE SLAVE COAST OF WESTERN AFRICA.

Continued.

All our party were much struck with the good feeling which the natives almost universally showed. During the previous year the King of Keening and his people had committed depredations on goods belonging to merchants at Bathurst; and had assaulted the governor, who had gone to the town of Keening in the hope of making an impression on them, and inducing them to desist from violence. It therefore unfortunately became unavoidably necessary to send an armed force against them. Had they been allowed to commit such violence unpunished, neither life nor property would have been, in a short time, safe up the river; for however kindly we may feel to a barbarous or half-civilised people, we must, in our intercourse with them, make them aware that we have the power to repress their outrages, and to punish them if necessary. One of their towns was completely destroyed, and another nearly so. We might have supposed that so severe a punishment would have irritated their feelings against us. Such did not appear to be the case. On our visiting Keening some twelve months afterwards, we were received with the greatest kindness. They appeared rather proud of having fought us at all, but declared they would never attempt it again. They and all the neighboring people have frequently expressed their astonishment at the kindness with which we treated their wounded, and the prisoners we took. This would naturally strike them, being so completely the opposite of their own mode of warfare; but they appear to be very sensible of it, and frequently say, "White man have good heart." After all, our boasted civilization appears to amount only to this, that having tortured each other with every infernal instrument that can be invented, we strive to flatter our own souls, and persuade ourselves that we are civilized by tending the wounds we ourselves have made. We suppose the sad argument of necessity must prevail; but the African certainly appears to be the more consistent savage.

When we visited the country, Bambacoo—the town we had destroyed—was rising from its ashes, and there, as at Keening, and the other towns, the poor ebony pickaninnys were handed over to the tender mercies of our surgeon, who perspired and vaccinated till evening was closing in.

A kind of feudal system appears to prevail generally throughout Africa. Many chiefs are far more powerful than the kings to whom they owe a nominal subjection. The King of Catabar, to whom we pay "customs" for McCarthy's Island, rules over a rather extensive country. He is an exceedingly fat, dirty, and drunken representative of majesty. His town is one of the very worst we have seen; whilst that of one of his tributaries, the chief of Yani-bantang, is one of the very best. Yani-bantang is about 150 miles from Bathurst, and 12 from the banks of the river. We arrived in the little colonial steamer over night, and sent on a messenger to announce us. Early the next morning, the chief sent over a party of his "warriors," capitally mounted, with led horses for us. As a mark of high distinction we were informed that his standard-bearer was to accompany us. The standard was three spears, tied together, of native workmanship, and very well finished. We felt duly honored, and mounted.

We have at all times found it very difficult to give to persons at home, even in *viva voce* communication, any idea of the general condition of the African nations, and of the degree of civilization, slight as it is, to which they have attained. To the benevolent and religious eye of Exeter Hall, they are Homer's blameless Ethiopians, stretching out chained hands, and tearfully imploring us to "free their land from error's chain." Nothing more would appear necessary than that the young ladies of England should universally adopt Mr O' Connell's idea, and contribute "only one farthing a week, one penny a month, one shilling a year." By most persons they appear to be looked on as naked savages, in much the same condition as the aborigines of Australia. Our friend at Yani-bantang was certainly not very savage; he received us with that formal politeness which appears to be universal, from Indus to the Pole, amongst gentlemen who do not think *vin ordinaire* of themselves. Our interpreter explained the object of our coming. We told him that knowing of a thing which would be of great service to his people, we thought it right to impart it and teach it to them, as we felt assured he would tell any good thing he knew to us; that it was the duty of all people to do all the good in their power to each other, &c., &c. He duly lauded "so admirable a sentiment," and really appeared to at least acknowledge the truth of the principle to its fullest extent, and the young hopes of the Yani-bantangs were ordered to be paraded.

We afterwards lanched with his highness—capital kous-kous, mutton very tolerable, and a glorious calabash of milk. It is true we all had to dip into the same bowl with the sable nobility of Yani-bantang, and to tug at our mutton as best we might. But one learns not to be curiously particular about trifles, and in reality black fingers are generally cleaner than white ones. The clothes of the negro are often dirty, but his skin is almost invariably clean; and like all people who eat with the fingers, he is not only careful in washing, but avoids ever soiling the right hand. It is said, truly enough, that bathing, which is often unpleasant in a cold country, is a luxury in a hot; still it is a luxury in which many Europeans even in the tropics do not indulge very extravagantly. The natives, however, almost invariably do. In fact, if people were but once to accustom themselves to it at home, they would find that it was

an absolutely necessary comfort, even on the coldest winter's day in Europe; and that it was quite a mistake to suppose that when merely their hands and face were washed, they were clean every whit.

We have not the least doubt that our American friends, who, as we can testify from painful and dirty experience, allow on some occasions half a pint of water a man, and a towel and comb for the company; having concealed a dirty skin with a clean shirt, or a dirty shirt with a showy scarf of some kind; would still consider themselves incomparably more guilty of covering a clean skin with a dirty bornouse. The African is most particular in cleansing his mouth with plentiful ablutions and a gum stick; the Yankee prefers merely rinsing his with a gum tickler. But far be it from us to decide which system is to be preferred. The British army is fortunate enough to possess a gallant officer who would look on even Sir Charles Napier's allowance of kit as wasteful and ridiculous excess. Dining with a friend in the country, he complained of having caught cold. The village Esculapius advised him to put his feet into hot water when going to bed. "Pooh, pooh," said the gallant but uncleanly hero, "that is nothing more than washing one's feet." "It certainly is liable to that objection, Sir John," remarked an eminent and witty judge lately deceased. We fear that many persons allow considerable weight to the objection. At this day, in Africa, washing the feet is, as of old, the mark of regard and the assurance of cleanliness.

Our first visit to a native town was some years since, on the occasion of one of the most important native ceremonies. A number of young ladies had been sent there, from the neighboring towns, some months previously, in order to have the rite analogous to circumcision performed on them; and their parents or betrothed husbands had now come for them. The scene was an extraordinary one. Platforms and seats were ranged round the market-place, and on these the young ladies reclined, each surrounded by a bevy of female friends and of matrons, who carefully kept off the men from a too near approach to their fair charges. The men compensated themselves for the privation by making the most unearthly noises conceivable. Musicians thrummed, tom-toms were beaten, guns were fired in all directions, frequently close by one's ear to try one's nerves. Shouting, screaming, guitaring, banjoing, drumming, firing, formed a concatenation of sounds, which it is to be sincerely hoped Pandemonium does not rival. Whilst on all a beauteous tropical moon looked calmly down, like a philosophic doctor on a lunatic asylum, or a gifted preacher on the "anxious seat." A venerable friend of ours, unhappily "written down with all the marks of age, a decreasing leg, and an increasing belly," was about proving that a gentleman will commit rash actions even in Africa, by perpetrating matrimony with a young lady of some 12 years of age, "out of all reasonable match." The old gentleman, his heart opened by several most un-Mohammedan draughts of champagne, was anxious to display to us the youthful lady of his love. The matrons who surrounded her were inexorable for a long time; but at length a little gentle violence on the part of the "enamored ancient" prevailed, and we were admitted within the charmed circle. We must confess that we were not repaid for our patience. She was not pretty; many young persons, however, of all the African races except those of pure unmixed negro blood, have features positively handsome. We should mention that two attendants kept constantly washing the young lady's feet and legs. We again visited her at an interval of about an hour; the same process of soaping was going on; and we believe that all the young ladies were being similarly rubbed down.

There are some very curious customs connected with marital rights and privileges in Africa; but we fear to touch on them here. Uneducated and uncivilized as African women are, we should be inclined to suppose them purely animal and sensual; and yet we find that throughout all the African nations the supposed good of their offspring, or the customs of their country, are sufficient to overcome what we consider our strongest feelings. We hear a great deal, from excellent people at home, of the fearful state of degradation to which women are reduced in Africa, and in uncivilized countries generally; and how civilization and Christianity alone raise women to their proper influence. This is altogether a mistake. We fancy that the country in which women do not exercise an immense influence, in which "woman's pleasure, woman's pain" is not of paramount importance, has yet to be discovered. We have already mentioned how vain it was to attempt vaccination in opposition to the feelings and wishes of the women. The wives of the kings are generally present at the most important interviews, and, so far as can be observed, woman's influence in every concern of life, extends as far as in any European country. The respect for and influence of the mother appear to be far greater in Mohammedan and pagan countries, than in Christian. This probably is owing to the effect polygamy has on the feelings. The greatest insult which can be offered to an African, is to mention his mother with disrespect. It is a wise child that knows his own father; the honor of the parental relation is, perhaps owing to this circumstance, comparatively disregarded. But, so far from woman not having influence, their influence apears to be paramount on almost every occasion. It is true we see women laboring in the fields, but such is the case in most European countries. In Africa these women are almost invariably slaves. The Croomen work in our ships along the coast, in order to buy wives, as they call them, to labor for them in their own country. By the term wives, they however understand slaves, in exactly the same sense in which the Virginia planter understands the term.

We should sincerely rejoice could we declare we saw any probability of Christianity and our civilization making way in Africa—but we cannot. The amount of good likely to be done by our missionary exertions appears to be this. At our immediate settlements on the coast—Sierra Leone, the Gambia, Cape Coast Castle—some thousand natives will be brought under the immediate influence of our missionaries, and will in consequence profess Christianity, and adopt our dress and many of our customs and habits. They will be instructed by the missionaries, and several of them will become pretty good clerks—very useful to the merchants on the coast—tailors, carpenters, masons, &c. But there appears to be no reason to expect, at least from experience, that the civilization, such as it is, which these people acquire, will be extended to the native tribes. Africans who have been educated, even in England, on returning to their own country, have again adopted the native dress and habits. Such is exactly what we might expect to be the case. Not only individuals, but considerable bodies of people, almost invariably adopt the customs and religion of the more numerous masses amongst whom they are placed.

(To be continued.)

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE DISGUISES.

The slightest dabbler in the study of nature—one whose knowledge of birds, beasts, and fishes is vague and obscure, the nearly effaced recollection of books read on the verge of childhood—cannot fail to have remarked a strange current of resemblance, either in habits and disposition, form or colour, which links together members of widely-removed divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdom.

A singular instance of this thread of similarity has impressed itself upon my memory, from one or other of the individuals being, at one brief period, constantly before my eyes. The jaguar, one of the most powerful of the feline race, has a skin most beautifully marked with spots of a deep chocolate-brown on a rich yellow ground. It infests the whole of South America; and is, in some districts, dreaded as the direst enemy to man and beast. In the same regions is a bird of the Bittern tribe, marked with brown and yellow in a wonderfully similar manner; whose cries, during its period of activity in the evening and night, can scarcely be distinguished, even by a practised ear, from the howlings of the jaguar in the remotest recesses of the forest. In the language of the natives and by the Creoles, it is called the "Tiger Bird."

In the waters of the Upper Essequibo, there abounds a fish—to use the words of a distinguished traveller and naturalist—"entirely of a reddish-brown colour, spotted irregularly with different-sized spots of black, from which it has received the name of Tiger Fish." Its habits are almost unknown, but it may most probably be classed with the bird and the cat, as predatory in disposition.

Among the meco-meco leaves which fringe the rivers and creeks, a fierce-looking grub, arrayed in a party-coloured suit of the same pattern, may frequently be observed greedily devouring the numerous aphides. To complete the list, two trees are found in the woods—the Bourra-courra or Letter-wood, and the Itithibourra-bulli or Tiger-wood—both of which, but more especially the latter, closely resemble in their rich and beautiful markings the skin of the jaguar. Once I picked from the river part of the petal of a flower, with the same combination of colours. Possibly, these few instances of an adhesion to one type, are far from being all that exist.

But the most remarkable likenesses are those which are to be found existing between objects of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Parts of plants resembling insects, and insects resembling portions of plants, may frequently be met with; witness the many pretty forms of the orchis tribe—the bee-orchis, in which that insect appears to be probing the nectaries of the flower—the spider and the fly orchis. Again, I may instance an oval, broad-backed beetle, which I captured, last summer, in great abundance, in that wild spot—so noted for the rarest treasures of the entomologist and the botanist—Castle Eden Dene. In form and colour it so closely resembled the green seeds of a species of hemlock, that numbers had been emptied from my sweeping-net before its true character was discovered. Nature had given it the instinct to increase the deception by holding its short, delicate limbs close to its

body, and keeping them stiff and rigid during the time it was handled.

In the tropics these resemblances are even more singular and illusive; scores of insects are found in Guiana curiously analogous to a vegetable in appearance and in structure; the foliaceous arrangement of the nervures of their wings, the sprout-like character of the head and legs, and, stranger still, the eggs formed like the seed of a plant, are unmistakeable—while their colour is in such perfect harmony with the surrounding vegetation, that numbers may be clustered amidst the foliage of a neighbouring branch, without the observer being at all aware of their presence. Some are of a bright green, like a growing leaf or one newly fallen from the tree; while, in others, the extremities and edges of the wings have a brown or yellowish tinge—the semblance of leaves which have for long strewed the ground, and are already withering.

Nor do insects alone seem to lurk among the petals of the gorgeous blossoms of the Guiana *Orchidæ*: birds, reptiles, and even small animals, are severally imitated. But it is not to this tribe, or, indeed, to the flowers exclusively of any other, that this character solely appertains. I have just been examining a vegetable production having the likeness of a living thing, plucked on the banks of the Essequibo, where the graceful tree on which it grows is a native. It is the kernel of a nut enclosed in a smooth and tough shell, about the size of a walnut. The crumpled mass which meets the eye on opening the shell gives no indication of the singular form that lies enveloped amid the many folds of filmy skin; but this has only to be carefully detached to call forth our expressions of surprise and astonishment. The Chinese are said to have formed their first letters from the curved roots of vegetables: it is well that this nut is not a native of China, and that they confined their attention to the lower extremity of the plant; for, had it been otherwise, their love of complicated forms would assuredly—to the supreme disgust of all who attempted to acquire their language—have made them model a character after this kernel; and one fuller, if it were possible, of stranger twistings and contortions than any in their alphabet. There is a broad flat head, with two distinctly marked eyes; whence springs the future tree, and a long tapering body, curled up like a ball. This mimic snake, however, assumes not the position of one in perfect health, but rather seems to be writhing in agonies of some internal malady, or simulating a future Python, newly-born, testing the elasticity of its body. Hard and red, it looks as if it had been exposed to the action of a violent heat, and had been baked and stiffened during the painful pangs of its death. In the West Indies, as everybody knows, oysters grow upon trees. Barnacle-geese were once thought to do the same; and here, we have a tree which, we can well excuse the ignorant and superstitious in believing to produce serpent germs: the vital spark is only wanting. Traces of serpent-worship have been found among most of the nations of antiquity; and there is abundant proof that it was prevalent among the ancient inhabitants of Mexico and South America. No doubt this singular tree was considered sacred, from its intricate connection with the objects of their reverence. These "snake-nuts," as they are called, may have been seen in the Crystal Palace, in that department of the Exhibition which is devoted to the productions of Guiana.

HOW TO CONVERT SALT WATER INTO FRESH.

The following simple process to procure fresh water at sea, was published in the newspapers many years ago. The experiment can easily be made—and knowing how easy it is to obtain fresh water, by digging in the sand, near the sea-shore, we see no reason why it should not be successful, in which case it might prove in certain cases of great advantage:

"A common hogshead is provided with a false bottom, about three or four inches above the lower head. This false bottom is perforated with a number of holes, and over them a filter of flannel. The barrel is then nearly filled with the finest sand, beat down very hard; a tube, communicating with the space between the two bottoms, is extended to a convenient height above the top of the barrel. The sea-water is poured into this tube, and pressing every way, according to its altitude, it endeavors to force its way through the sand to the top of the barrel, from whence, by this mode of filtration, it is drawn off fresh and fit for use. Any other filter will do as well as flannel, which will stop the sand and admit the water. The saline particles being heavier, and perhaps differently formed, meet with obstructions from the sand, and are left behind."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 31, 1852.

☞ The *Publisher*, Wm. D. Parrish, would remind the subscribers to the Intelligencer of the importance of punctuality in the payment of their subscriptions. The expense of publishing rests exclusively upon him, and unless subscriptions are promptly paid, the advances of money required for its maintenance is sometimes burdensome. Bills will be sent to those in arrears.

Any communications pertaining to the *editorial* department may be sent to him post paid, and will be handed over to the *Editors*.

The Society of Friends.—We are induced to head a paper with this title, in order to offer some remarks on publications recently made respecting it. A small pamphlet now lies before us entitled "Review of the Life, Character, and Writings of Elias Hicks. By George W. Burnap. Reprinted from the Christian Examiner for November, 1851." The writer, we understand, is, or has been, a Unitarian Clergyman. The sketch given by him of the venerable subject of his notice, and the causes to which he ascribes the great separation in 1827, which he justly considers "one of the saddest events in the records of ecclesiastical history," are highly flattering to that portion of the original Society with which we hold communion. Illustrated as they are, however, with the events that occurred principally within the limits of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, they present a picture drawn rather too strongly in our favor for the impartial pen of historical truth. We, who have had access to far more extensive materials, and been somewhat incorporated with the proceedings of that period, could scarcely accept the reasons assigned by him as the sole causes which severed the Philadelphia, Ohio, and Indiana Yearly Meetings into vast repelling fragments, and left us without a claim to those of New England, Virginia, North Carolina and their kindred trans-atlantic bodies. In the developments of the twenty five years since that lamentable event, must be sought the true solution of the problem, and the impartial historian will hereafter trace in the divergence of both parties from the original ground occupied by Friends, those seeds of schism and apostacy which have since abundantly produced their respective fruit.

But we are not about to canvass anew a subject, long since familiar to almost every member of our Society. We wish only to disclaim that absolute perfection which our author is disposed to award us at the expense of our Orthodox brethren. Some weeks since, we listened to the lecture of another quondam clergyman on the character of George Fox. His portrait was also a panegyric of the most glowing colors. But this so called orthodox lecturer erred equally with our Unitarian critic in praising the man at the sacrifice of his principles. The founder of our religious Society, and the venerable Friend, to whose persecution many ascribe the stupendous result we have mentioned, are alike shorn of their crowning glory, and exhibited as mere reformers of their age. But such are generally, and indeed such must be, the conclusions, to which human science will ever arrive in attempting an analysis of causes, to be comprehended and explained alone by the spiritually anointed understanding.

We are free to confess errors on the part of those with whom we have acted—and when our brethren who stand as claimants exclusively to the title of the Society of Friends, shall be practically brought to the same acknowledgement, we may then indulge a hope that the day for healing breaches is not far distant. We have been informed that one fragment among them, has recently given strong evidence of a contrary disposition. Our readers will doubtless remember the small body in New England, whose diatribe against the followers of Joseph John Gurney was commented on, last spring, in our columns. That evidence is said to be a suit at Law for property, founded by them on the allegation of unsoundness in doctrine, on the part of their opponents. In our strictures, we sufficiently exposed the dogmatism and folly of this little band of pretenders to the mantle of ancient Quakerism. But the half had not then been told us, if it be true that they are

essaying to divest the New England Yearly Meeting of its property, by an appeal to legal tribunals on the issue of religious faith and doctrines.

We must, however, dismiss this subject together with the panegyrists of our deceased worthies, in order to bestow some little attention on a writer of a very different class. In the twentieth number of the present volume we offered a few observations on a work then recently published in Ireland, professing to give the experience of a renegade member of the Society of Friends. As the book in question has lately been republished in this city, we consider it of sufficient importance to copy a criticism upon it, more for the purpose of enabling our readers to judge by extracts of its character, than from the necessity of any refutation. As its scurrility is aimed at our opponents, we might, if disposed to follow the example of several Church reviewers, gratify any vindictive feeling we may possess, by reviewing and parading the black catalogue of hypocrisy and crime detailed in the "story" of this unblushing witness. But we should do so at the expense of every sentiment of magnanimity and honor. That the authoress has, in all instances, described scenes, and repeated conversations, which are purely the coinage of her own brain, we shall not undertake to assert. But we do aver that she has exhibited a malicious caricature of what she professes to pourtray, and put forth charges which are as malignant as they are false. To ridicule, to distort, and to blacken with calumny, constitute the whole scope of of her design, and reveal her purpose on almost every page of the volume. Whatever may be the sins of our transatlantic Friends, we will readily acquit them of all the crimes and many of the follies charged against them by this rejected member of their fold. That they have, to a considerable extent, become wealthy and worldly, is no doubt true—that they have but too generally left the spirit for the letter, hasbeen made apparent to our perception—but that they are mere formalists and mean hypocrites, as this writer represents them throughout her whole book, would require more than credulity to believe. Malevolence and envy alone could foster as truth the low gossip of these pages, which hold up public benefactors like Joseph John Gurney and Elizabeth Fry as fit objects of universal reprobation and contempt.

Friends' Central School.—The second term of the Boy's department in this institution, will commence on the ninth day of the second month, or one week later than advertized. The new principal teacher, Samuel Conrad, although young, comes highly recommended by Benjamin Hallowell, and the assistant teacher, Beulah Carrol, brings certificates of qualification of a satisfactory character. The favorite idea of Benjamin Hallowell of employing female assistants to soften, polish and refine the bearing and habits of boys, is now about to be tried. It may, perhaps, lead to results highly beneficial to the interests of pupils in after life. If it shall be found to elevate the sense of propriety, and foster feelings of gentleness and respect in their breasts, assuredly the gain will go far to compensate any fancied loss in the exchange.

Died,—On the night of the 23d inst., at his residence in Springfield Township, Burlington Co., New Jersey, Stacy Biddle Shreve, in the 42d year of his age.

THE PRESS IN TURKEY.

The history of the press in Turkey is very curious—and has so much suggestiveness, that it reads like an apologue from the "Spectator." The first Turkish press dates from the time of Ahmed the Third, (1727.) At that time there existed at Constantinople several Hebrew, Greek and Armenian presses. So long since as 1488 there had been a Hebrew lexicon printed at Constantinople. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the Greek and Armenian presses were in full activity there. In spite of this every attempt up to 1727, to introduce printing for the Turks themselves had completely failed. In the month of October, 1720, Mohammed Effendi was sent as Ambassador to Paris, with the secret mission of endeavouring to penetrate the policy of the great Christian powers. He was accompanied on his travels by his son Said Effendi.—The latter was greatly struck by the results of printing at Paris, and noted with attention the progress of the West of Europe, and the decline of the East, since the invention of printing. On his return to Constantinople, Said communicated his thoughts to a Hungarian renegade, of the name of Ibrahim, who immediately drew up a memoir for the reigning Sultan, on the vast advantages likely to result from Turkish printing presses.

Mark what followed! At the very sound of the innovation there was great alarm at Constantinople. Those springs of action called by Bentham "interest begotten prejudices" were soon in full play. The members of the Ulema saw their downfall in the rise of the press. In order to maintain their political ascendency they pretended that the creed of Islam was in danger. They even went so far as to represent the new-fangled project as a profanation of human thought, which they said "had always been transmitted by writing, and which ought not to be divulged by any other mode." Then came an outcry from the fifteen thousand Kiatib, or scriveners, who lived by copying manuscripts. These threatened to stone whoever desired to set up printing presses. Nor were the amateurs of the caligraphic art without sentimental grief at the demand being likely to cease for beautiful specimens of penmanship. But the Mufti was firm, and advised the Sultan not to yield to clamour. To take away all pretence for a religious cry, it was arranged that the Koran and the canonical books should continue to circulate in manuscript, but for other books the press was established. The compromise was attended with success enough to disarm opposition; but the wretched success of literature in Turkey attests the apathy of the Turkish mind, resulting, no doubt, from the powerful narcotic of Islamism.

Ibrahim Effendi, the first introducer of the press, was a man of vast energy,—and was on a large scale a printer, translator, corrector, and author. He was one of those superior natives, never wanting to Turkey, who, nevertheless, are unable to achieve great results, owing to certain drowsy and deadening influences which sensualize the Turkish mind, and make it gross and carnal. Ibrahim introduced books of social utility, such as the histories of various countries. But, with all his efforts, after twenty-eight years the Turkish press produced only eighteen works, or twenty-five volumes, the number of copies being only 16,500. The press sank for a time entirely; but was again established in 1783, and from that year, up to 1828, it printed eighty works in the Turkish tongue. The subjects of these were chiefly of a utilitarian character,—abridgments and compilations from European works of celebrity. From 1830 to 1842, there were 108 works printed in Turkish:—and the press appears to be progressing, but at a slow rate. The Sultan has taken a special interest in the publication of works on military science, which are introduced in primary and secondary education. M. Blanchi, ex-translator of foreign languages to the Sultan, has suggested that that prince should imitate the example of the Viceroy of Egypt, and establish at Paris a mission of young Ottomans to form a connecting link of ideas and civilization.

The newspaper press in Turkey dates from 1828:—the first journal having been established at Smyrna, by M. Blacque. It was called the *Spectator of the East*. In 1831, M. Blacque was called to Constantinople by the Sultan Mahmoud, and there established the *Ottoman Monitteur*—the official journal of the Sublime Porte. This journal was published in French; and in the next year another copy, translating its contents into Turkish was published. Up and down throughout the Ottoman Empire, are scattered a few journals which drag out a feeble existence. They apparently are undertaken for personal objects, to attract official influence to the owners and contributors. Two Turkish, four Italian, four French, one Greek, one Armenian, one Bulgarian,—such is the extent of Turkish journalism. About 20 years ago, Mr. Edwards set up the *Smyrna Independent*,—which was lapsed into a French paper.—*London Athenæum*.

The following account from a foreign Journal exhibits the most revolting characteristic of the Institution of Slavery. The separation of near relatives at the pleasure, or the caprice, or oftener the mere convenience of their owners, is a feature which no change in the system short of attaching them to the land, will ameliorate. All other evils are light compared to this—and if obliterated, there might be some ground for apology, in the alleged kindness of masters and contented condition of Slaves. But there never can be the slightest justification, while the tenderest ties of nature are liable to be thus lightly sundered at the commonest changes of mutation in what passes in this land for mere undistinguished personal property.

SLAVE-MARKET OF NEW ORLEANS.

The town or city of New Orleans has several particular races in it, speaking different languages, and living in separate parts of the town.

One class speak French, have French manners, French-built houses, French hotels, and French names to their streets. Another class invariably speak English, and are either from England, or originally of English families. Then we have the working black population (or slaves) of the African race. Most of them are quite black, with the flat nose, thick lip, and the woolly hair peculiar to this people. The climate agrees with them, and they invariably look fine, healthy, happy, strong creatures. They are all born in America, but of real African blood. Many are sold here every day—sometimes hundreds change hands in a few hours. To a Briton the sight is of course repulsive. But such is the state of things here, that you must keep perfectly quiet, and make no remarks, or else you are sure to get into trouble; for most persons, male and female, consider that they have a perfect right to act according to the laws of these western states, and buy and sell men, women, and children as they think proper.

When a young man is called up on the auction-platform, he looks about him, and does not appear to care much. Perhaps he may not have been very well pleased with his late master, and thinks he may get a better.

'Come along, my fine young fellow!' says Mr. Beard, a short, thick man, with a red face—the best auctioneer here. 'That's it! Why, my friends, you can see at once that he is as powerful as an elephant, and as active and quick as an Arabian. What's your name, my fine fellow?'

'Samson, sir.' (They never have any surname.)

'Now, gentlemen, how much shall I say for this fine-grown, healthy powerful young man, Samson? Excellent name for him—descriptive of his qualities. Now, gentlemen, give me a bid—a bid—a bid' '500 dollars.' 'Thank you—500 dollars only is bid for one of the finest men I ever sold. Youth, health, power, and character, all in his favour. I assure you, gentlemen, that he is worth 1200 dollars at this present moment. Look at his build, limbs, chest, carriage! 600 dollars now bid—600—600—600! Double it, my friends; come—come!' '650.' 'Thank you; 650—650!' '750.' 'Now, that is more creditable.' '800.' '800 bid; 900—900; now, my friends! Gentlemen, you will never have such a chance again—only 900! 900 once—900 twice—900—900—900!' '950'—'960.' '960—960—960!' '1000.' 'Now, gentlemen, 1000 only is bid for this valuable, splendid young man, free from all blemish, disease, or vice, as prescribed by law. Now, gentlemen, are you all done! Surely not letting him go at this price! However, I cannot wait. Are you all done, gentlemen? 1000 once—1000 twice—1000 thrice! Mr. Jefferson, he's yours! Samson, there's your master!' and poor Samson, is led away to misery or comfort, to ill usage or to kind treatment, just as it may happen. No help for him whichever it may be.

This sum was £200, a dollar being generally calculated here at four shillings. Then we had some girls and young women sold in the same way.

'Come up, Lucy! Now, gentlemen, here we have a fine specimen of everything desirable in a good servant—young, healthy, active, and industrious; can cook, wash, iron, wait at table. In fact, she is highly recommended to our attention, and is guaranteed free from all blemish, disease, or vice, as prescribed by law.' Poor Lucy was knocked down at 600 dollars—£120. These were both high prices. The men under thirty years generally sell for about £140 to £160, and the women under thirty, from £80 to £90. When above forty they are not worth more than half that price.

Such persons as the above do not care much about being sold. They are generally purchased, or at least many of them, by persons who hire them out as servants to families; and many of them have good places, and may get hired out to go to the same street, or near to where they were before. But a very different feeling is manifested at a sale of slaves belonging to a plantation. Their old master, always kind to them, may have died, or failed; and to see fifty or sixty of the slaves brought to auction is a horrible scene. All of them, old and young, may have been born on the same estate, and become endeared to one another. They think of the happy plantations, the snug little wooden whitewashed cottages surrounding their master's dwelling and garden, the summer-evening meetings, when they played the banjo, sung their native songs, and danced their cheering reels with light feet and lighter hearts; for a negro with a good master is extremely happy: being clothed, fed, comfortably housed, and well cared for. But now they are all about to be sold, and torn from each other. They are standing in rows in the auction-mart, ready for any rude hand to examine them, feel their muscle, criticise their shape, their height, their strength, or healthy appearance, and, opening their mouths with finger and thumb, inspect their teeth. A middle-aged man and woman may be seen standing together: moist are their eyes, anxiously they gaze around them—they are the picture of helplessness. They know the awful doom of separation that may be pronounced in ten minutes between them and the handsome family that cluster around them; but that doom they cannot alter or control. The sons and daughters, old enough to know what awaits them, press close together, with full eyes and still fuller hearts; while the young favourites are rejoicing, in perfect innocence, in the clothes which they are decked out in for the day, to enhance their appearance and their value; and they gaze with pleasurable amusement at the novelties of the scene, like a child at the pageantry of a funeral—the trappings of the horses, and the plumes on the hearse that bears to the grave the remains of a parent. They are at length called up; and although husband and wife go together, the children are all taken from them, and sold into different districts; and as the mother tries to look at their retreating figures through eyes blinded with tears, she knows that in a few years they are probably fated in their turn to endure the same agony—

'And thou, my son, yet have a son foredoom'd a slave to be,
Whose mother, too, must weep o'er him the tears I weep o'er thee!'

From the Eclectic Review.

Quakerism: or the Story of my Life. By a Lady, who for forty years was a Member of the Society of Friends. Dublin: J. B. Oldham. 12mo. pp. 400.

Religious fiction, the fashionable literature of the day, received its first great impulse from the astounding success of the "Wandering Jew." That extraordinary work has been translated into most printed living languages, and the editions in our own tongue are said to amount to sixty-five. It has been devoured alike by the profligate and the austere; by the profligate, for the very love of its profligacy; by the austere, not because of its austerity, but because it told so forcibly against a society which is supposed to be exercising a subterranean power under all the world. As the mushroom creeps, silently and concealed, beneath the turf, by means of a mere thread, which, even when exposed, is perceptible only to the educated eye of the botanist, and soon appears, here and there, on the surface a perfect and suddenly-expanded plant, the growth of a night; so, it is said, had Jesuitism crept noiselessly on its hidden way, until, rising suddenly, in some great city or baronial hall, it exhibits itself, fearlessly and ostentatiously, to the gaze of all. The Jesuit was in power, but no one knew the secret of his power; the Jesuit was hated, but no one knew why he was hated; was feared, but no one could say why. Eugene Sue undertook to trace out the underground stem of the Jesuitical tree, which he represents as bearing deadly blossoms over the entire earth—to show the poisonous nature of its fruit, and the intrinsic rottenness of its heart. He represents the Society of Jesus as daring everything, as accomplishing everything. Theft, adultery, murder, are held excusable, (so he would have us think,) when used as means to so desirable an end, that desirable end being always money, and the power to which money leads.

The anti-Jesuit novels have the run of the entire world; the anti-Catholic novels are devoured only by Protestants; the Catholics deny their truth when the cap happens to fit, and laugh at the bungling marksman when he shoots wide of the mark; the anti-Church novels have a restricted range; they circulate languidly among dissenters, a class that has little relish for fiction, even under the garb of religion.

The idea of an anti-Quaker novel seems, at first, preposterous. Who are to be the readers? This is a question that the speculator is bound to consider. It would seem to us, shortsighted beings as we are, a most forlorn hope: but it has proved otherwise; the book has been extensively read; and the great majority of our reviewers seem to rejoice over this pretended exposure of Quakerism, as though Quakerism were a vast tyrannical power, under which the reviewers had lived in constant fear and trembling. Indeed, the *Io Triumphe!* of the reviewers, the pæan of exultation over its supposed extinction, is highly complimentary to Quakerism, as exhibiting the wide-spread and powerful influence exercised by a very limited and extremely retiring sect. But it may, perhaps, occur to some stubborn minds, that do not take everything for granted, to inquire whether these thing are so. Sue gives us no clue to find out his heroines. The masculine nuns are, for the most part, impenetrably veiled, and the assailants of Protestantism have never excited an inquiry; but here the veil is so thin, that it forms no impediment to our observing all that is behind. The calumniated are the members of a society remarkable for its quiet and unostentatious diligence in doing good; and the members selected for peculiar and especial opprobrium are, William Allen, the philanthropist; Elizabeth Fry, who has been appropriately called the female Howard; and Joseph John Gurney, of Norwich, whose labors in the cause of Christianity are familiar to every educated man.

In the course of our brief life, the grave is continually closing over the remains of those whom we have regarded with esteem and veneration. But if we see this rudely reopened;

the dead exposed; their actions woven into a sort of pantomimic melodrama; their cherished names transmuted into opprobrious nicknames;* we find it extremely difficult to resist a strong prejudice against the writer, notwithstanding her solemn and repeated asseverations, that she is influenced solely by religious motives. The new names contrast unfavorably with the old; the new fictions with the old facts. Still, we will not venture to assert that fair fame is to quash inquiry, or to be used as a cloak for evil deeds. Investigation inflicts no injury on the righteous. On the other hand, "to err is human;" and to expose error—to dethrone those who have been undeservedly held up as objects of love and admiration—is a disagreeable, perhaps an ungracious, but certainly a justifiable, undertaking. But the hands for such a work should be of spotless purity; he who casts the stone should not only be without sin, but above all suspicion. Let us, then, candidly inquire how far Mrs. Greer† is fitted for the somewhat invidious task she has undertaken; and, in doing this, we will not stoop to become scandal-mongers or eaves-droppers, but mention nothing unless it be already thoroughly public, and made so, either by her own act, or by the act of those with whom she united.

The first insight we obtain into the character of Mrs. Greer is at p. 9 of the story of her life, where lying and stealing are incidentally mentioned as habits of her childhood. The authoress is not particularly refined in her phraseology. These are her words:—"As it always did when I told a lie, or stole anything nice out of the closet." Nothing comes of this; it illustrates nothing; it is merely a crumb cast upon the waters, and now returning to her, after many days. While still a child, we find her reading novels by stealth. A female servant is said to have had "an ardent love of novel-reading." "It was by chance," says Mrs. Greer, "I discovered this; and when I did, I bargained with her, that I would not tell on (*sic*) her, provided she let me read them." It is but fair to add, that this story is intended to tell against Quakerism, by making out the servant to be a Quakeress; but which is the greater crime—the reading of a novel, or the systematic deception practised by a child not yet in her teens? However, this flimsy subterfuge will not serve her: for, a few pages further on, where she records having carried the novel-reading propensity to school, she says:—"When reading it ['Ivanhoe'] in the arbor or in the study, I always took care to provide myself with either an atlas or Sarah Grubb's Journal; and then, if either one of the mistresses or one of the spy-girls came in sight, the novel was popped under, and the Atlas or the Journal looked innocent or edifying." (P. 55.) This is told as meritorious, and to show how little the authoress was under the influence of what she calls the "slang language" of Quaker preachers. The same spirit peeps out in almost every page; and surely no one will regard it as a vantage-ground, from which the Society of Friends, or the memory of its brightest ornaments, can be assailed with success.

The character of the novelist further exhibits itself in her excessive vanity. She thus describes her *status* in society:—

"My father was a wealthy merchant, and an extensive landed proprietor. Our dwelling, a short distance from the town, stood in a lawn of about ten acres (!) The garden was large, and, as well as the conservatories and shrubberies, was always kept in the most elegant order. My mother had her chariot; we girls had a handsome open barouche; for my father's own use there was a stanhope; and there was the jaunting car for everybody. There were seldom less than six horses in the stable and often more, for my brothers were fond of riding, and were first-rate horsemen.—P. 3.

"My father bore a more than unblemished character. There was not a man in the city who stood higher in general estimation. Our bishop, dean, and the noble and learned representatives of both county and city, greeted him with a cordial shake of the hand when they met.—P. 4.

"My father's lofty descent, his wealth, liberality, education," &c., &c.—*Ibid.*

"Six brothers and sisters of us sporting about our beautiful lawns, and surrounded with every conceivable comfort and luxury, with which my mother's care and exquisite taste had embellished our home," &c, &c.—P. 5.

Passages like this occur over and over again, *usque ad nauseam*. And next to this astounding vanity, is the inordinate love of talking about eating and drinking; indeed, we think we should keep within the strict limits of truth, were we to say that half the book is taken up with the victualing department. Quakers are now generally known to be remarkably temperate. Among them are a large number of rigid teetotallers and strict vegetarians; and the body collectively is distinguished for sobriety and moderation in meats and drinks. But this is not the character Mrs. Greer is pleased to give them. She pithily asserts of a female minister, whose funeral she attended,

"She lived in luxury and died of over-eating."—P. 38.

Some pages further on, the lively and imaginative writer sums up the occupations of Friends when assembled under the pretence of holding religious meeting, in the following words:—

"At these parties, the only occupation is eating, drinking, and talking. These were often indulged in to excess. I have seen the men reeling into the drawing-room, and heard them boast of each having got through fourteen tumblers of punch. I have seen some of these high professors indulge in unbounded gormandizing; and in eating, though happily not in drinking, some of the women rival the men."—P. 75.

Notwithstanding the disgust which a lady would naturally feel at witnessing such orgies, she continues to attend them sedulously until turned out of the society, and thus deprived of the right to do so. Her chief object, however, does not appear to be religious instruction, but to observe and record the gastronomical proceedings. The reader will, perhaps be as surprised as we were to find the charge of drunkenness and "unbounded gormandizing" followed by such querulous passages as these:—

"By very urgent entreaty, we accompanied a friend to his house to dinner that day. He was a very rich man, and had both a town and country house. He had often been feasted at our home, and now he set us down with a large company to eat potatoes and cabbage and fried liver, and nothing else. . . We took an early leave of the party, and hurried to our hotel, where we comforted ourselves with a cup of tea and a mutton-chop."—P. 114.

Here is another specimen of the gormandizing:—

"A leg of mutton and potatoes and a red round of cold beef was all the dinner: not even a pudding; and when the cloth was removed, instead of wine, coffee was served up."—P. 151.

The following passage is to the same purport. It seems that the novelist, together with her father and sister, were honored, during their stay in London, with a general invitation to dine at the residence of Mr. Fry, the banker, in Mildred's-court, Poultry. This on account, we presume, of the lofty descent of the father, they decline; but, in course of time, a livery servant was sent, by Mrs. Fry herself, with a polite note, requesting the pleasure of their company to dine with her, in three days' time. The invitation was accepted; the party went, and appeared to think of nothing else but ridiculing all they saw. But we have only to do with the dinner.

"The fare at our table was only middling in quality and very scanty in quantity. Half a salmon at the head and a roast leg of lamb at the foot, a small dish of potatoes, and a large silver basket of cut stale bread was all provided for twenty-five people. . . . . Our repast had been so very sparing that we complained of actual hunger to my father, who confessed to the same himself; and therefore we hurried to our own lodgings to get a bit of dinner. As we were going out of the house, we met three young men of our acquaintance and one lady, [the three young men and one lady, we presume, had also dined at a Quaker's; otherwise there is no point in their requiring a second dinner,] and said, "Where are you hurrying to? Come with us." They hesitated a moment, and then said, "The fact is, we scarcely got a bit of dinner, and we are going to a confectioner's to get something to eat." So, finding we were all of the same mind, they came with us, and we had an impromptu dinner," &c.

(To be continued.)

* "Friend Stately," "Elizabeth Grill," &c., &c.

† Mr. J. R. Greer, of Markstown, near Dublin, has, in a newspaper controversy, distinctly claimed the authorship of "Quakerism," &c., for his wife.

MAKING HOOKS AND EYES.

The *New York Evening Post* has a letter from a correspondent in Connecticut, from which we copy the following:

"Upon the premises we were shown the works of the Waterbury Hook and Eye Company, where a capital of $16,000 is employed in the manufacture of hooks and eyes. Here were arranged long rows of little machines about the size of small washstands, under which a constant shower of feminine conveniences was pouring down, but from what cause or what agency it was difficult to conjecture. Upon a closer inspection, a large spool of wire was perceived revolving slowly in the rear, growing shorter inch by inch in mechanical harmony with the machinery, while iron fingers curiously articulated were ready to grasp the severed fragment, and pass it along from change to change until it finally dropped into the receptacle beneath, a perfect hook or eye, ready for use.

"For a moment it seemed as if each machine was instinct with life and intelligence. The power of speech seemed to be all that was wanting to complete the delusion. There were but four or five men in the room, who passed around occasionally from one stand to another, to oil the machinery, to supply new wire when the previous spool was consumed, or to empty the vessels when filled by the silvery shower. The whole performance more resembled the voluntary process of nature than the result of mechanical art.

"The duty of the superintendent of one of

these machines seemed to me curiously alike to that of the gardener who plants his peach-stone, which, after many days, sprouts, grows into a tree, blooms, and finally bears peaches, which, when ripe, drop from its branches, and are gathered for use."

The direct railroad from West Chester to Philadelphia has been placed under contract. Messrs. Clark, Malone and Gonder of this State are the contracters. It is said they will take $116,000 in the stock of the Company. The road will probably be completed in 1853.

EVANS' FIRE AND THIEF PROOF SAFES. THE LATE FIRE. — A CARD. We take great pleasure in stating we had one of OLIVER EVANS' FIRE PROOF SAFES in our store during the great Fire at Hart's Buildings, which when taken from the ruins and opened, was found to have preserved our Books, Papers, &c. entirely UNINJURED.

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WATER FILTERS, for purifying muddy or bad water, caused by rains, limestone, marl, or other causes.

OLIVER EVANS,

61 S. Second door below Chesnut street.

Jan. 8—tf.

BRICKS.—The Subscribers are prepared to furnish superior Pressed and other Bricks, at reasonable prices to Builders and others, at their yard to the south of the brick house below South street, between Schuylkill Second and Third sts.

N.B. particular attention paid to the assorting of the Pressed Bricks. WM. WEBSTER & SON.

jan 8—1y.

LIFE INSURANCE.—THE GIRARD LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITY AND TRUST COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.—Office, No. 132 Chesnut street, the first door east of the Custom House—Charter Perpetual—Capital $300,000, paid in and invested, which together with the accumulated premium Fund, afford ample security to the insured—continue to make Insurance on Lives on the most favorable terms.

They act as Executors, Trustees, or Guardians under last Wills and Testaments.

The Company add a BONUS periodically to the Insurances for Life. The first Bonus was appropriated in December, 1844, and the second Bonus in December 1849, amounting to an average of more than sixty per cent. on the Premiums paid. The following are a few examples:

Policy.	Sum originally insured.	Bonuses or additions.	Amount of Policy and bonuses payable at the decease of the party—to be increased by future additions.
No. 58,	$1000	$262 50	$1,262 50
No. 89,	2500	626 25	3,156 25
No. 276,	2000	475 00	2,475 00
No. 588,	5000	1,187 50	6,187 50
&c.	&c.	&c.	&c.

Pamphlets containing table of rates and explanations, forms of application, and further information, can be had at the Office.

THOMAS RIDGWAY, President.

11mo.15—6m. JOHN F. JAMES, Actuary.

NOTICE. REMOVAL.—Charles C. Edwards informs his friends that he has removed his Flour Store to No. 395 Market St. below Eleventh, immediately opposite the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Depot. The finest brands of Family Flour constantly on hand at the lowest price for cash.

SPRING GARDEN DRY GOODS STORE FOR FRIENDS.—JOHN J. LYTLE, S. E. cor. 7th & Spring Garden Sts., desires to call the particular attention of Friends to his large stock of Fall Goods. Having been several years in business and become fully acquainted with the tastes of Friends, it is his desire to make it emphatically a Friends' store; and more attention will be paid to keeping up a stock of plain goods than any other. He has as usual a full stock of French Merinoes, Lyonese Cloths, Alpacas, De Laines, Black and Plain Styles Silks, Prints, &c. Venetian and Vienna Cloths, new and desirable goods; Cashmere-de-Bege, a small lot of that scarce article just received. In book Muslins and Handkerchiefs, his stock is large and, having purchased them under peculiar circumstances, is enabled to sell them at very reduced prices.

A full assortment of Bleached and Brown Muslins, very low by the piece. Friends are respectfully invited to call before purchasing elsewhere.

10th mo. 18th—3mo.

ERCILDOUN BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS.—This institution will commence its first session on the first Second day of the Eleventh month next, and continue twenty weeks. A large and commodious house has been erected expressly for school purposes, admirably adapted to the health and comfort of the pupils, being well ventilated and supplied with bathing apartments. It is situated in the village of Ercildoun, Chester Co. Pa., in a healthy, moral, and intelligent neighborhood, three miles south of Coatsville on the Philadelphia and Columbia railroad. Pupils conveyed from the latter place to the school free of charge.

All the branches of a thorough education will be taught, including Chemistry, Physiolgy, Astronomy and Rhetoric. A good assortment of apparatus has been obtained to give appropriate illustrations to the course of Lectures which will be delivered once a week, on various Scientific subjects. There is a daily mail to and from the place.

The terms for Tuition, Boarding, and Washing, are $50 per session, one half payable at the commencement and the remainder at the end of each time. Circulars, stating particulars, can be obtained by addressing the Principal, Ercildoun, Chester Co. Pa.

SMEDLEY DARLINGTON, Principal.

8th mo. 9th—3 mos.

ATTLEBOROUGH BOARDING SCHOOL, BUCKS CO., PA., FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS.—The Winter Session will commence the first second day in the Eleventh mo., and close with the last week in the Third month of 1852.

All the branches of a thorough English Education are taught practically, together with Drawing and the Languages.

A regular course of Scientific Lectures is delivered each session.

Terms.—English course, with Mathematics and Board, $70. Drawing $10, Latin and Greek $10, French and German $10. GEO. A. NEWBOLD, Principal.

SIMPSON T. VANSANT, Teacher of Languages,

N. B. Circulars may be had at this office.

5th mo. 2—tf.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, Near Crosswicks, Burlington Co. N. J.

The Winter term of this insitution will commence on 17th of 11th mo. 1851, and will continue for twenty-two weeks.

Terms—Sixty dollars per session, including tuition, board, washing, mending, stationary, fuel and lights, the use of all necessary books, &c. except mathematical books and instruments. One half payable in advance, the other in the middle of the term.

H. W. RIDGWAY.

☞ Stages meet the early morning and 2 o'clock P. M. lines from Philadelphia to Bordentown, and pass the school. 10th mo. 25th, '51.

ADAMSON & ROBERTS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS.—Adamson & Roberts have just opened, and are constantly receiving, at No. 246 N. Second between Callowhill and Willow, a new and handsome assortment of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, consisting in part of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, Black and Fancy Dress Silks, English and French Merinoes, Mous de laines, Cashmeres, Linens, Furnishing Goods, &c., which they intend selling at the lowest cash prices, and to which the attention of those wishing to purchase is respectfully invited.

THOMAS ADAMSON,

10th mo. 4—3mos. T. ELLWOOD ROBERTS.

NEW FALL GOODS.—We have just received an assortment of Fall Dress Goods, which we have taken unusual pains to select. Among our stock are:

Plain Mous de Laines, suitable for Friends.
Fancy do do. all wool.
Changeable and Rich Lustre Black Silks.
Brocade and Plain Alpacas.
French and Coburg Merinos, Parametta, &c.
Mousseline de Bege.
Beautiful English Prints, Friends' style.
Fancy " " and Merrimac.
Book Muslin Hdks., fresh importation, with the usual assortment of Cassimeres, Sattinets, Flannels, &c., &., for Fall and Winter.

We have also a complete assortment of Black and Brown muslins, all widths, and very cheap.

JAMES SMEDLEY,

9th mo.3d. No. 8 N. Fifth Street.

REMOVAL.—ENNOR KIMBER Jr, would inform his friends that he has removed, and is now engaged with Isaac M. Ashton, No. 172 Market street, 4th door above 5th street, where he would be pleased to see all those in want of Hats or Caps, feeling confident that satisfaction will be rendered in regard to price or quality. An assortment of plain hats for Friends always kept on hand or made to order.

CARPETINGS for Friends.— Neat Patterns Three Ply: Superfine and low priced Ingrain Carpetings, also Entry and Stair Carpetings in great variety of pattern: Woolen Druggets from half yard to four yards wide, also Bordered Woolen Floor Cloths all sizes, Table and Stand Covers.

OIL CLOTHS, all widths from one foot to 24 feet wide, Hearth Rugs and door rugs, sheep skins and door mats of every description, all of which will be sold at the lowest market prices by

HARTLEY & KNIGHT

148 South Second street, 5 doors above Spruce. Philad.

EYRE & LANDELL,

S. W. CORNER FOURTH AND ARCH

Philadelphia,

Have established a store where Friends now resort to procure

GOOD SILKS for DRESSES,
Plain style of M De Laines,
Shawls, to suit plain taste,
Neat Ginghams and Calicoes,
Merinoes, Cobourg and Alpacas
Good muslins by the piece,
Fine Blankets and Bed Quilts,
Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings,
Plain Style Cloth Table Covers,
Friends' Mitts, Gloves and Hosiery.

E. & L. have at all times a fine stock of Cap Crape, Crapliesse, Gauze, Book Muslins, French Blonde, Tarletan, and other cap stuffs, not only of the first quality but in the best order.

EDWARD E. EYRE. WASHINGTON I. LANDELL.

Jan 11—tf.

FRIENDS DRY GOODS STORE, No. 79 Arch St between 2nd. and 3rd. north side.

CHARLES ADAMS

Invites the especial attention of FRIENDS to his stock of

PLAIN GOODS.

Care is taken to have the most approved kinds of such articles as are suited to the PLAIN TRADE, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

LINENS AND FURNISHING GOODS, in great variety, at lower than market prices.

TEACHER WANTED.—A Teacher wanted in the Male Department of the Friends' School in Salem, New Jersey. Satisfactory references will be required. Persons applying will address

Salem, 10th mo. 4—3t. CLEMENT ACTON.

BEDDING AND FEATHERS! — Mattresses, Cushions, Beds, Bolsters and pillows of all kinds ready made or made to order, at short notice

FEATHERS of all qualities,

BLANKETS, Marseilles QUILTS and COMFORTABLES,

Also a full assortment of TICKINGS always on hand, all for sale at the lowest prices by

HARTLEY & KNIGHT,

148 South Second street, 5 doors above Spruce, Philad.

N. B Feathers baked or scalded and Mattresses REPAIRED

4th mo. 20th.—tf.